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A POOR AUTHOR IN TROUBLE.

STRUGGLES IN LIFE.

CHAPTER XXX.

A PORTENTOUS EVENT IN THAMES STREET.

MR. LEONARD MARSDEN and Minnie were three months and more at their Epping Forest lodgings,

No. 173, 1855.

Mr. Marsden's official situation having kindly been kept open for him during his illness. At length, however, the Marsdens—that is to say, the London Marsdens—were re-united in their home in the Strand. And who can tell, but those who have

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passed through the same trial, and have experienced the same mercy, the overflowing happiness of that first evening when sorrowful apprehension was turned into a song of praise to Him who had, since they last met together in that room, redeemed a father's life from destruction, and brought him back from the borders of the grave?

A few days after this, when Basil arrived at Thames-street, he found strange confusion in the counting-house. Mr. Gillman was not there, nor was Arthur Kemp. This, however, was nothing noticeable; for Basil was generally the first to be admitted at the side door by the old woman who lived in the attic above, and had charge of the house. The confusion was this, that the counting-house was open already; and not the counting-house only, for Mr. Gillman's desk was also open; so was Mr. Kemp's, and Mr. Kemp's iron plated closet door was not only unlocked, but thrown back on its hinges, and the petty cash box was gone, as Basil could see at a glance as he passed to his own desk.

We have said that Gillman and Kemp were not there. They were not in the counting-house; but from Mr. Rutland's room, close shut and fast locked from within as it was, voices were heard, among which were tones like, yet unlike, those of the two clerks.

Basil was not a listener. He would have despised himself had he caught himself unawares and unintentionally gathering up and combining the odd circumstances before his eyes, and the words which he occasionally heard rising above the undercurrent of animated and earnest conversation which escaped from the private room. He was no hand at these sort of combinations; he had never practised the art on which some good people pride themselves not a little, of "putting this and that together"—an art, we take it, which has done more mischief in the world since the world began than—well, let us say, to speak mildly and within compass, the art of making gunpowder.

But Basil was not called upon to stop his ears with cotton, if he had had any handy, which he had not, nor with any other material substance; and failing this—though he shut out the voices as completely as he could, and rustled the leaves of the great folio book, in which he was writing, when any one of them rose to its extreme height—he could not fail to be impressed with the idea—and a very unpleasant one it was—that some crisis in counting-house history was impending. He thought this the more when, on looking for a book—a ledger, or a cash book (it must have been a cash book) to which he had occasion to refer, he found it was gone.

It was very strange; and if Basil had not been resolutely determined, there was plenty of food for conjecture; for other books, when he looked around, had disappeared also.

The voices, too, in the private room, now high, now low, now singly, now in—no, not in concert; far from it! There was Mr. Rutland's voice, harsh and stern, like that of a man in earnest, very different from his usual tone, which was frank and hearty, not to say jovial—that is to say, when his voice was heard in the counting-house at all. We have not hitherto had occasion

to say much of Mr. Joseph Rutland; and what we write now (as in a parenthesis) will take but a few lines. Mr. Rutland, then, was not very constant to business. He had large speculative transactions in the commercial world; but as they were, in his opinion, of a nature which did not require the daily drudgery and application of the principal, he had long since shifted the drudgery and much of the responsibility of business on to the shoulders of his confidential clerk. Mr. Rutland was rich, and unmarried, but he kept no establishment; his club chambers, when in town, being his usual residence. A home in London would seem, indeed, to have been a needless superfluity and a positive incumbrance to him, so erratic he was in his movements, and so uncertain in his intentions. At times, he "stuck to business," as Arthur Kemp had once elegantly observed, "like a leech—like a leech, sir," for a week, for two weeks, for a month together. On these occasions he arrived early at the counting-house, overhauled accounts, in a hearty, confident, careless sort of way, and stayed late at night. Then, tiring probably of this monotony, he would suddenly take his departure, with the laconic information: "I shall not be back for a few days, Mr. Gillman; you know what is to be done—good day, good day, gentlemen." Not unfrequently the "few days" extended to a few weeks, and when he again made his appearance, it would ooze out, as a matter of indifference, that Mr. Rutland had been on a tour in the Highlands; or had been shooting or hunting, as the case might be, in Leicestershire; or had taken a short run on the continent.

On the morning, the proceedings of which we have interrupted by this explanation, Basil had no particular reason to expect to meet his employer at the counting-house. He had been two or three weeks absent. He was come back now, however; and his voice was angry, loud, and determined.

There was another voice which sounded pleasantly in Basil's ears, as one that he had heard before, on one other occasion only in his life. He knew it at once as that of the benevolent Friend whose acquaintance he had made in the coach on his final return from Willow-lodge, and to whom he was indebted for his situation in Mr. Rutland's counting-house. In strong contrast to those of Mr. Rutland, the tones were mild, gentle, and persuasive.

And those other voices. That defiant one: not Gillman's, surely?—the obsequious, soft, deferential voice of the head clerk, such as it had always been, when addressed to Mr. Rutland's ears?—Mr. Gillman's; none but his.

And those tones of humble deprecation, wretchedness, and prostration? Not Arthur Kemp's, who thought it a merit to behave, in the general way, to his employer before his face, as behind his back, as rudely as circumstances permitted? They were Arthur Kemp's; none but his.

There was a sudden lull; and then the door opened, and Basil heard—he tried not to hear it, but he had no choice—the voice of Mr. Rutland, stern, measured, and emphatic:

"Go: leave my counting-house directly; I have been myself in fault—partly in fault—in giving you the opportunities to do what you have done;

for I have known you to be unworthy of trust, and yet I have trusted you. I will take time to consider the course that I will pursue towards you. *Go?*"

There were staggering, stumbling footsteps, like those of one just awakened from sleep, and Basil looked up. Pale as death, with bloodshot eyes, Arthur Kemp stood for a moment on the counting-house floor, as the door closed behind him; and then, with pretended indifference—a poor pretence, however—he reached down his hat from its peg. In doing this, he caught sight of Basil, and hastily stretched out his hand. It was marble cold, and Basil with difficulty repressed a shudder as he grasped it.

"Arthur, Arthur! what terrible thing is this?" he gasped, rather than uttered.

"Nothing—nothing: 'tis all u-p—that's all. I'm off; good bye. You'll hear of me again, some day, perhaps. Tell your sister that—there, never mind; I don't know what I was going to say. Good bye." And before Basil could recover his self-possession, the unhappy youth was gone.

Again the door opens—more rapidly this time, and another step is heard; slow, deliberate, and firm a pace or two, and then it stops.

"One word more, Mr. Rutland;" it is Mr. Gillman who speaks now, very quietly, very calmly; and as Basil looks into his face, he sees the habitual sneer and the unpleasant smile. "One word more. Take care what you say about me. I defy you; and if I find it necessary to refer to you, I shall expect—expect, Mr. Rutland, to have your recommendation to my future employers."

Once more, Basil is left alone. He cannot write any more now. To save his life—but that is a bold hypothesis—but for no ordinary consideration could he now work out a sum in single multiplication. What does it all mean?

Half an hour passes away—an hour; and then the door—that pertinacious door—once more opens, and the stout quaker Friend walks slowly through the counting-house. At any other time, Basil would have sprung towards him and stammered out his thanks for the good he had received at that stranger's hands; but he has not his wits about him now. The Friend nods to him, and smiles pleasantly through the concern which rests on his countenance, and then he is gone.

"Mr. Marsden, may I beg of you to step this way," says Mr. Rutland from the private room, in something like his usual hearty tones; and Basil enters. Ledgers, day books, cash books are open on the table, so is a cash box, and the door of the iron chest is open too. More open than all is Mr. Rutland's countenance, and this is a comfort.

"This has been a rather troublesome business, Mr. Marsden," says the merchant.

Whatever it is, Basil is sorry for it, he says.

"I have brought it upon myself," continues the employer, "by not sufficiently looking after my own affairs, and leaving them too much to others. Our friend who has just left, blames me for it, but not so severely as I blame myself; so, let that rest. I am not quite so blind, however, as they thought me."

He does not say who the "they" are; but Basil

understands him to mean Gillman and Kemp, which he does.

He had for some time had reason to suspect, Mr. Rutland goes on to say, that his confidential clerk, Gillman, had not been playing him fair; and circumstances had very recently come to his knowledge to convert that suspicion into certainty. In consequence of information he had received, he and his friend had come to the counting-house on the previous evening, after the clerks were gone, and had spent the night in an examination of their books. A few hours sufficed to show that a system of fraud had been carried on by the head clerk, assisted by Kemp, but so ingeniously contrived by Gillman, that the crime should lie at Kemp's door. When they had found out this, and Mr. Rutland could get no farther, a messenger was sent early in the morning for the two clerks, who had been closeted with their wronged employer and his friend, two hours before Basil had arrived at the counting-house.

"I shall consider what steps to take next," says Mr. Rutland; "for Gillman has so managed matters as to leave, I fear, no legal proof against him. It would all fall upon Kemp, who has evidently been led on by the other, and has been his tool throughout. I shall consult my legal adviser on the subject; and now—it is an unpleasant business—let us have done with it for the present."

Once more Basil says that he is sorry: he means it too; he is more than sorry, he is distressed.

He is not the less concerned, when Mr. Rutland expresses his confidence in him, and thanks him for his fidelity and uniform propriety of conduct. By some means or other, Mr. Rutland knows that Basil is the comfort of his father, who has had reverses in life to struggle with, and he thinks well of him for this, too.

Basil is not the less concerned, even, when, to sum up the whole, and to close the interview, Mr. Rutland proposes to double his salary, and to promote him to the head clerkship of the counting-house; which, however, he gratefully accepts.

But you might suppose that some great calamity had befallen Basil Marsden, were you to see him, presently, with his face hidden in his hands, as they rest upon his desk.

Hear him, gently whispering:—"Lead me not into temptation; but deliver me from evil! Lead me in a plain path! Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe! Lord, I am thine; save thy servant that trusteth in THEE."

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE OF BASIL'S TURNS UP.

It was an autumnal evening—cold, damp, and disagreeable. There were a good many people on the pavements of Fleet-street, nevertheless; and wagons, carts, stage coaches, and hackney coaches (for the times of 'busses and cabs were not yet) rumbled on, got jumbled together, stopped up the road, then cleared themselves, and rumbled on again, splashing up the mud occasionally on unwary pedestrians, just as wagons, carts, 'busses and cabs do, in this present year of '55.

He was an ill-tempered, ill-conditioned fellow that did it. He seemed to do it on purpose; at all events, he laughed maliciously and malignantly when it was done—that hackney-coach driver, I

mean, who drove his coach close by the curb stone, and just at a point where the pedestrians were thickest, and where was in the road a small lake of black, bilious, slushy mud, gave his horses a sudden heavy stroke with his whip, which made them hastily start forward, and whirl an entire deluge of impurity on to the pavement. There was no escaping it; and one poor man, beyond all others, was thickly bespattered, from his instep upwards to the very crown of his hat.

He was a little pale-faced, thin-faced, anxious looking man, of middle age, with sand coloured hair and whiskers. He wore a dress coat, closely buttoned up to the topmost button, light grey trousers, very threadbare and worn, between the lower hem of which and his thin-soled walking shoes, were visible stockings, of what had been a day or two before, probably, white cotton, but which now bore but a faint and distant resemblance to their original. He wore spectacles also, for he was weak-eyed: he carried in his hand a small carpet bag; and his name was Julius Hackle.

By the light of a shop window Mr. Hackle was contemplating his plight with dismay, and was endeavouring to empty one of his shoes of some superfluous moisture, when he awakened the scrutiny of a fellow-sufferer from the same avalanche of mud, who, after a moment's consideration, stepped to Mr. Hackle's side.

"An unfortunate adventure this, Mr. Julius," said he, casting his eyes compassionately over the other's dripping habiliments.

"Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Hackle, looking up with some degree of animation, and peering curiously into the stranger's face. "It is, sir, very much so: but I—I—"

"You don't know me, you would say. I dare say you do not. Perhaps you will remember me when I tell you my name—Basil Marsden."

"Basil Marsden! you don't say so!" said Mr. Hackle, in an ecstasy of astonishment. "And now I look at you more in the light, you are Mr. Basil. How very singular we should meet, and that you should remember me in a moment!"

"Oh, Mr. Hackle, you are not so much altered as I am; it is not likely you would be, you know. Eight or nine years have changed me, as was to be expected, but they seem to have passed lightly over you."

"No!—do you mean it, though?" asked Mr. Hackle, evidently pleased. "Well, I don't know but they may have done. Though sometimes it seems to me that I am age-ing fast, very fast, Mr. Basil."

"Not a bit of it, as I see you now, Mr. Julius," said Basil; "you seem almost as young as I remember you when I was in your class at the old school. But really," he added, as he glanced again at the broad blotches of mud on Mr. Hackle's garments, "you are in a great mess. Are you far from home?—presuming, of course, that London is your home now."

"No, indeed, Mr. Basil, it is not; and to tell the truth," said Mr. Hackle, with some embarrassment, "I have not even a lodging. I am now in search of one."

It might be the thin, threadbare, unsuitable and insufficient clothing, and small carpet bag,

which, small as it was, seemed too large for its contents—a single shirt and a pair or two of stockings, perhaps; or it might be the faltering voice, and moistened eyes, and shivering breath; or it might be, as Basil looked closer, the attenuated frame and hollow cheeks; or it might have been all these signs and tokens combined, which told Basil, as plainly, perhaps more plainly and truly than words could speak, that his old teacher was in distress.

"Are you just arrived in London, then, Mr. Hackle?" asked Basil, kindly. "Pardon me if I am impertinent; but perhaps, as I know a little of this part of London, I may be able to assist you in your search."

"Thank you heartily for your kindness," said Mr. Hackle, hesitatingly; "but I—I don't know—I mustn't trouble you. I have been in London some weeks, Mr. Basil," he added; "though just at this juncture I cannot—" He stopped again, as though uncertain what to say.

"Let us walk together a little way, Mr. Julius," said Basil. "Take my arm, and I will tell you a little about myself. I have been some years living in London," he went on, when Mr. Hackle had accepted the invitation.

"Dear sir!" said Mr. Hackle, "I wonder you should prefer town life to that pleasant country home where I called to see you once—let me see—eight years ago it must be, or more."

"I did not prefer it when I came; I am not sure that I prefer it now, Mr. Julius; but you know what old somebody or other says, '*Necessitas non habet legem*.' I have walked these pavements, Mr. Hackle, with but a few pence in my pocket, without employment, with my father in deep distress, and our two selves dependent on the kindness—I had almost said, the charity—of compassionate Christian strangers, for the last meal we had eaten, and the next we should have to eat."

"Mr. Basil!" exclaimed Julius Hackle, in extreme surprise.

"I am saying only what is strictly true, Mr. Hackle; we have had to struggle like others. Pardon me if once more I seem impertinent; but is there anything in which I can render you assistance?"

"I don't know, I don't know. I think not, Mr. Basil—thanking you most heartily for your kind offer," replied Mr. Hackle, in a faint, feeble tone of helpless uncertainty. "No, no."

"Is it," asked Basil, stopping short, and speaking low—"is it that you really do not need any kind of help? You said you were in search of a lodging for the night, you know: cannot I assist you in your search?—or is it that you are too proud to receive any sort of return from an old pupil to whom you were kind at school?"

"Proud!" said the poor teacher, with trembling lips: "you know how little I have to be proud of. Mr. Basil, I will tell you. I am in distress, in destitution, as I see you have guessed. It is six weeks since I came to London on a little business, which I thought would soon be transacted; but I have been kept dragging on from day to day; and yours, Mr. Basil—yours is the first kind voice I have heard. I have parted with one garment after another, Mr. Basil, to get a

meal—a single meal a-day; and this evening I have left my lodgings because—I don't like to go on, Mr. Basil—it would seem like begging."

"Don't go on, then, Mr. Julius," said Basil, cheerfully. "I have not much farther to go; and you will step in and see my father. You remember him, you know: he will be very pleased to see you; and then we can do for you what John Gilpin's friend, the calender, wanted to do for him—"

'Scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face.'

You won't object to that, I am sure, Mr. Hackle. And here we are at the door."

They had arrived by this time at Mr. Harebell's little shop; and, half an hour afterwards, it was understood that Mr. Julius Hackle was to be the guest of the Marsdens for the night, at least.

"He is an odd-looking man, though, Basil," whispered Minnie to her brother, when they were by themselves—he having followed his sister into the kitchen to suggest some addition to the supper tray.

"He is a very good man, Minnie. I always thought him so, at any rate: and he was always very kind to me at school: and he is as simple as a child, poor fellow—he always was; and yet very clever. I wonder what has brought him to London. I don't suppose he will tell us."

He did tell, however, after supper, when he was warmed, and filled, and comforted: and this it was. But it will be the better for a short preface.

Mr. Julius Hackle had been many years an assistant teacher in boarding-schools. He was almost friendless. His home, if he could be said to have a home, apart from the situations he filled, was in a small country town, a long distance from London. There his parents had died; and there his only sister lived—the wife of an idle, sottish man, for whose support, as well as her own and her children's, she toiled from morning to night, and from year to year, at dress-making.

Basil was probably correct in saying that his old teacher was clever; but, unhappily, Julius Hackle's cleverness was of a kind that never, or rarely, produces much fruit. For instance, he was mechanical, and had contrived a number of ingenious machines for doing a number of very simple and easy things. These machines were very complicated in their movements, certainly; but the more complicated, the more ingenious and clever, of course; as witness his mechanical contrivance for toasting and buttering muffins and crumpets, which by the revolution of a vast number of wheels, and the consequent lifting of a few delicately adjusted levers, superseded the necessity of hand work. It was only to fix the muffin or crumpet in a certain curious box, and wind up the machinery, which took scarcely more time than the entire operation by hand would have taken, when, heigh, presto! out was turned for you your muffin or crumpet, ready to be served up and devoured.

Mr. Hackle was artistic as well as mechanical. Once, on a visit to his native place, during a long summer vacation, he created quite a sensation among the good people of the little town, who, if they remembered him at all, remembered him

only as a shambling, shy, and puny boy, by advertising himself as a portrait painter. He absolutely obtained sitters too, and, to this day, we may venture to affirm, are hanging in certain little parlours in that little town, some marvelously odd looking effigies in oil colour, of certain substantial townsmen of former days, with their wives, and also their children, now grown up to man's and woman's estate. "Done by a townsman, too," you will be told;—"only think of that!" And we do think of it, and think of poor Julius Hackle, too, with a sigh. It is due to Julius to say, that the few pounds he received for these specimens of art were given to his sister when he returned to his legitimate, we mean his scholastic, engagements, to help in smoothing her rugged path in life, and also that, from time to time, many other pounds—the scanty savings of his toiling life—were thrown into the same bottomless gulph of hopeless poverty:—hopeless, because for every pound thus kindly bestowed, the besotted husband took care to spend two, if he could get them, on his own selfish and wicked lusts.

Julius Hackle, however, had never many pounds to spare. Clever as he was, he had been unfortunate in his engagements; that is, he had never long retained a situation. It was strange, too, perhaps; for the boys, wherever he was, always liked him. He was kind and indulgent, so far as it lay in his power. He amused them with his little oddities—for he was odd; and he taught them a number of clever things, not generally included in school prospectuses. His employers generally liked him too; for he was humble and knew his place, and sufficiently erudite for the lower classes, at any rate: their ladies did not like him, however: he was not very good-looking; he was shy and awkward; and he was always making a litter in his bed-room: besides, his chemical experiments—for Julius Hackle was scientific as well as artistic and mechanical—and his chemical experiments, which were mostly carried on in his chamber, were unendurable.

Thus, from these and other causes, perhaps, Mr. Hackle had been for many years a bird of passage—summering in one school, and wintering in another; and what with frequent long journeys by coach, which these changes made necessary; with some intervals, too, of non-employment; and with the ever-recurring expenses of vacations, when he was thrown on his own hands and resources, Julius would have been poor, even if he had not had an improvident and unscrupulous brother-in-law, ready to snap up any few odd shillings or pounds he might otherwise have saved.

At length, it had occurred to Mr. Hackle, as a bright thought, to strike out boldly into a new line. He would be *literary*, as well as scientific, artistic, and mechanical. Withdrawing himself from the profession which had been but a step-parent to him, and rather a hard one too, and burying himself in the obscurity of a country village, where he hired a room of a cottager, lived like an anchorite, and toiled like a galley slave, he had devoted six months to writing a book. And having completed it, and given the work, which was to enrich and immortalise him, a few fond finishing touches; having also cleared scores with

his landlady in program, who was at a loss as to what to make of her strange lodger, except that he was wonderful clever to do such a deal of writing, and was a nice, good, quiet gentleman, as well,—having done this, we say, Mr. Hackle found that he had barely more than enough money left to pay his journey to London. It was needful, of course, to be there, to find the best market for his literary work; but to provide against any unlooked-for contingencies or delays, he had walked some hundred miles to the goal of his hopes, and thus saved at least a pound of coach fare.

We need not prolong his story. How often, alas! have such stories been told, and with how little effect. Six weeks after his arrival in London his manuscript was still in his pocket; his purse was exhausted; his shoes were worn with unsuccessfully and wearily walking, day after day, from one haven of fallacious hope to another; his superfluous garments had been sold to supply him with food; he had been compelled to leave his poor lodgings; and here he was.

Ah, hackney coachman! hackney coachman! it was a good deed you performed, though you meant it not, when you spattered and splashed poor Julius Hackle with London mud—Fleet-street mud—from the sole of his shoe to the crown of his hat!

GETTING A PASSPORT.

THERE is something more to be done, besides going on board a steam ship, to get into any of the countries on the opposite side of the English channel. You must procure a passport. The regulation is an absurd one, it is true, but it must be gone through, or else your foreign travel will speedily become an affair of police. To get a passport—that is, the only one which a good Englishman should travel with—you must get a letter of recommendation to her Majesty's principal secretary of state for foreign affairs. But how is this to be done? will be asked by simple people. Easily enough, when you know the way. Any banker or mayor may furnish you with the needful letter. Well, having obtained this letter of recommendation from a person who, perhaps, you do not know, to another whom more likely still he does not know, you send it to the foreign office in Downing-street; and the next day, or any other day within a reasonable time, you call there, or you may send a deputy if you please. You are questioned at the threshold by a porter, who very soon fishes out your business, and requires you to write your name, and your letter-writing friend's name, on a printed form. This done, you are sent up-stairs, and find, in a back office, a very gentlemanly clerk, who questions you, to ascertain if the printed form you have brought up from below corresponds with the letter which the secretary has received concerning you. If you make any mistake, you can have no passport; but, if you answer correctly, the gentleman hands you the document you require, for which you pay him 7s. 6d. It is a handsome document certainly, the passport of the British foreign secretary. At the top are her Majesty's arms, at the bottom, those

of the secretary, and the paper is fine, strong, glossy, and rustles like a bank of England note. The contents, printed in copper-plate, are as follows:—

"No. 18967.

"We, George William Frederick, earl of Clarendon, baron Hyde, a peer of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, a member of her Britannic Majesty's most honourable privy council, a knight of the most noble order of the bath, her Majesty's secretary of state for foreign affairs, &c. &c.

"Request and require, in the name of her Majesty, all those whom it may concern to allow Mr. John Bull,* a British subject, travelling on the continent, to pass freely without let or hindrance, and to afford him any assistance and protection of which he may stand in need.

"Given at the Foreign Office,

"London, the 1st August, 1854.

"CLARENDON.

"Signature of the bearer,

"John Bull."

You may, instead of a foreign office passport, obtain one of the consul of the country to which you are going. He will grant it, on application, for a fee varying from five to ten shillings. The functionary will ask you your age and your business, and then you will observe him writing, and casting "a sheep's eye" at you, and writing again, until he hands you the passport. On opening it, you will find that he has given on the margin a pen and ink sketch of your personal appearance, recorded that your features are regular or irregular, your mouth large or small, your nose long or short, crooked or straight; in fact, you find that he has served you as they serve rogues in the "Police Gazette." The foreign office passport, though dearest at the beginning, is cheapest in the end; for a consular passport is available only for a year, while the other is good as long as it will hold together.

On a summer's evening, I was loitering on the pier at Southampton, when I noticed a tall, simple faced man eying me furtively, as if he knew or desired to know me. Having nothing else to do, we got into conversation about the weather, and, amongst other things, he told me that he was going on business to France by the steamer, as indeed I was. He seemed strongly impressed with the notion that he was going on a foolish errand; for, said he, "I have never been out of England in my life before: I do not know a single word of French, and though I dare say it will be all right when I get to my journey's end, I am much puzzled as to what I shall do on the road." I asked him if he had obtained a passport; he said no, we didn't want passports in England, and therefore he did not see the use of them in France. At all events, if he should want one when he got across, why, he could get it of the British consul for four-and-sixpence. To remonstrate was useless; but I expected a scene on the morrow morning.

We were off the headlands of Havre-de-Grace early the next morning, and on coming on deck, I saw my acquaintance watching the sailors as they

* The name is written in.

hoisted the British flag at the peak, with a smile of complacency on his face, which plainly told what was passing in his mind. He was evidently saying to himself: "England is the finest, strongest, best country in the world; foreigners may look at her, but must not touch her, and every Englishman abroad is England herself on her travels." The steamer soon ran inside the pier, and along the quays, covered with sailors and fisherwomen, in their picturesque costume, and backed by the tall, quaint-looking houses. Great was my friend's delight at the novelty of the scene, until I told him that some men in blue and yellow uniforms, with cocked hats on their heads, and swords by their sides, were *gendarmes*, who would talk to him about his passport. Then his countenance fell a little. The passengers soon began to disembark, handing their passports to the *gendarmes*, who stood at the gangway to receive them and take them to the *mairie*, or police-office, for examination. My friend briskly pushed into the crowd which was leaving the ship, and, having no passport nor a word to say for himself, was pushed back again; he pushed on again, and was duly pushed back a second time, with a remonstrance, which, not understanding, as it was given in French, he pushed on a third time; and now I saw it was necessary to go to his assistance. As he had no passport, the *gendarmes* would not permit him to land. My friend, on finding his dilemma, began to get a little nervous, talked of sending for the British consul, and joined in the grumbling of several others, who, not having produced passports, were his fellow-prisoners. At last the *gendarmes*, who could not speak English, questioned, by my aid, the passengers who had been detained, why they had not brought the all-important document. The reasons assigned were various. One said he had a passport, but it was locked up in his box, and that had been taken ashore by the custom-house officers, to be searched with the rest of the luggage; another, that he didn't know that he should want a passport, or he should have got one; another intended to get one of the British consul; another declared that he had taken a railway return ticket from London to Paris, and understood that that would answer the purpose of a passport; while another said, very characteristically, that he had not got one because he was an American. The *gendarmes* might have detained their prisoners, but this did not suit them, as they must in that case have imprisoned themselves—the gaoler being always the closest prisoner of all. They therefore let the passengers go, much to their inward relief; indeed, no sooner had my friend got his foot on the quay, than he began to rejoice in having been made a prisoner of, as something to talk about when he got home again.

I was amused by my companion, and willingly consented to help him through his difficulty. On looking into his guide-book he discovered that it was not safe to be in France without a passport. The *gendarmes*, it stated, "are authorised to call for it in every city and village; they may stop you on the highway, or way-lay you as you descend from the diligence; may force themselves into the *salle à manger* (the dining-room), or enter your bed-room, to demand a sight of this

precious document." I added to this, that a traveller must exhibit his passport at every inn in which he sleeps, and the landlord must send a copy of it to the police of the town. This was rather alarming to my friend, and he determined to go to the British consul directly for a proper document. I was the more disposed to go with him, as I had ascertained that my own passport, which I had travelled with for several years, was not regular, as it ought to have been countersigned by the French consul in London. It proved no easy matter to find out the functionary of whom we were in search. As it happened, the consul had removed his office, and nobody seemed to know where he was gone. At length, by mere accident, I discovered the lion and unicorn of England over a door in a retired street, and found the gentleman in his office. My friend, having received a passport, was now directed to go to the *mairie* and get it countersigned by the French police; but on reaching the office it was closed, the clerks having gone to their *déjeuner* (a sort of late breakfast). He had, therefore, no alternative but to lose a day in getting the passport countersigned, all which trouble he might have avoided by getting the matter properly attended to before starting. What course he eventually took I know not, as I left for the interior with an irregular passport: and I may as well tell the whole story of it, as farther admonishing travellers about to visit Paris, of the wisdom of having all their arrangements of this kind properly completed. On reaching the metropolis, after traversing the greater part of France, I went to the office of the British embassy to get the document countersigned for England. The clerk, taking my passport, handed me a card, which informed me that passports were received between eleven o'clock and one o'clock, to be countersigned, and were returned between two and three; and that they must also be countersigned afterwards by the French prefect of police, between three and four; so that a day, or the best part of it, must be lost in getting these things done. From the embassy I went to the prefecture of police, at the opposite end of Paris. The passport office is a large, low room, and the proceedings are enough to frighten one. First, I had to deliver my passport to one clerk, who having done something to it, passed it to another clerk; the second, at the end of a quarter of an hour, shouted out my name, or what he and I took to be such, and having presented myself at a bar, within which he sat, he demanded my name, age, business, residence, and destination—recording my answers in a large sheet, similar to those used at the English police-offices. This done, he directed me to take the passport to a third clerk; the third signed it, and directed me to convey it to a fourth person, who stamped it. My passport was now quite regular and unquestionable; and I took my departure, wondering that an enlightened government should take so much trouble about nothing. At Boulogne I was again compelled to produce the paper, and obtain a permit of embarkation; and just as the English steamer was on the point of sailing, a *gendarme* poked a lantern into the berth in which I was comfortably sleeping, and woke me to get back the paper.

Even the ladies on board were subjected to the same treatment; and one of them, indignant at being disturbed, declared that, "if people were compelled to come into the country with passports, they ought to be allowed to go to their own without such nonsense." The truth is, the French government would get rid of this annoying system if they could; but, unhappily for travellers, it is the livelihood of thirty thousand clerks, *gens-d'armes*, and others. An army of people eat, drink, sleep, and enjoy themselves upon the annoyances of travellers. The police know the system is useless; they seldom examine the passports; and it is a cover for rogues, rather than a means of protection. The only excuse for the maintenance of the system is the same as that by which a former traveller consoled himself when imposed upon in France a century ago: "Unless you pay twelve sous for greasing your wheels, how shall the poor peasant get butter to his bread?"

The system is, or was, somewhat different in Belgium. The passenger having delivered up his luggage and passport to the custom-house officers before quitting the ship in which he has arrived, goes to an office to reclaim them. There a soldier-clerk, seated at a desk, demands who you are, what you are, how old you are, where you are going? etc., and records your answers. Some people answer with indifference; others are indignant; some amused; and most of those who are not used to it, a little flurried. Then they are told to sign their deposition! and some do so with a flourish, as if they were writing: "This is a specimen of my handwriting!" some in a scribble, as if in defiance; some tremblingly, as if signing their commitment; some think the clerk impertinent; all think him "too particular by half;" and all begin to despise the country into which they have probably come for pleasure.

At the present season, we repeat, when English travellers are likely in such numbers to visit the continent, these details about the passport system may be found not uninteresting. Whether any modification of the same in favour of the visitors to the Parisian Exhibition will or can be made, we know not; suffice it for us to conclude with the admonition, MIND YOUR PASSPORT.

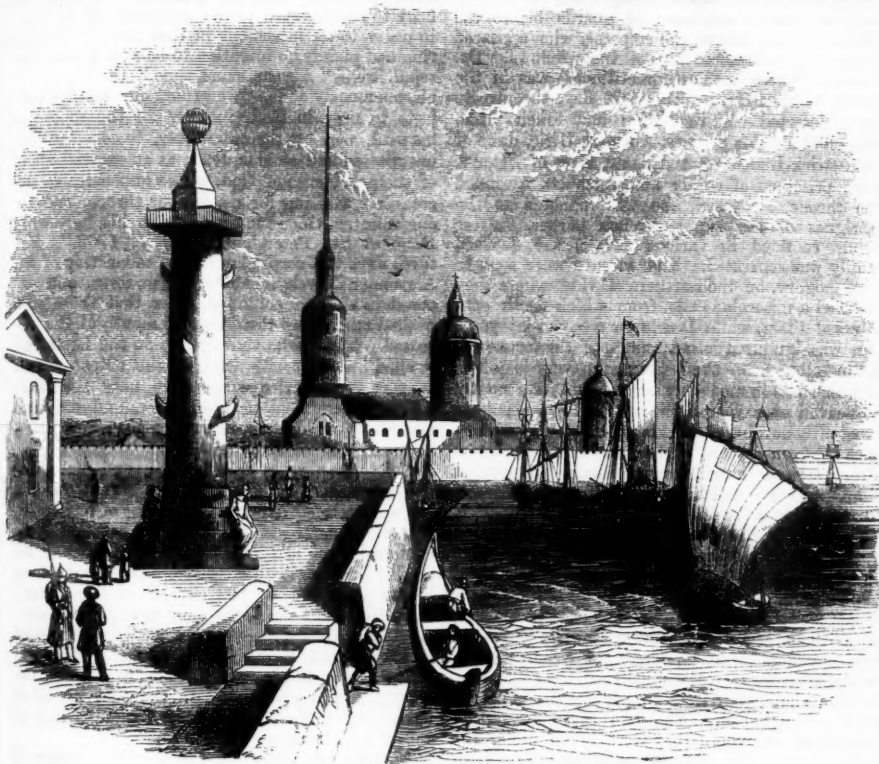
THE TOMBS OF THE CZARS.

THOUSANDS in the northern capital of the czar, who rose on the morning of the 1st of March, without more than an ordinary measure of care, became anxious, restless, moody, and apprehensive, as the day wore on, and the dark night returned to their streets, squares, quays, and dwellings. Thoughts of the war were banished. One concern, more immediately domestic, absorbed every mind. The fact oozed out, and spread in whispers low and swift through the city, that the emperor was sorely stricken. Was it a severe but transient illness merely? Or had the angel of death really crossed the threshold of the Winter Palace, to wrestle with its master and take him for a spoil and for a prey? These were questions with which all St. Petersburg was agitated, while the rest of Europe was profoundly ignorant of the imperilled circumstances of the imperial potentate, and only

referred to him as a still stalwart man, driving along in his drotsky, reviewing his battalions, inspecting his arsenals, reading the despatches of Menschikoff, or in eager council with Nesselrode and Dolgorouki.

The heave of public feeling in the capital, from the hopeful to the opposite solution of the problem and back again, was over when the next morning dawned. That very night his thoughts perished—thoughts of arms and armies, fleets and cannon, batteries and battles, camps and sieges, diplomacy and protocols; and the mighty lord of a territory stretching from the shores of the Arctic ocean to the southern slopes of the Caucasus, from the barren rocks of Kamschatka to the sandy coasts of the Baltic, lay upon a couch, as indifferent to empire as the thick-ribbed ice which then mantled the surface of the Neva. With storm-like rapidity, the sentence addressed to the great ones of the earth, "Ye shall die like men," was executed in the case of Nicholas, for he was a helpless corpse when the cabinets of the west were engrossed with him as an active enemy, the vigilant and unwearied ruler of all the Russias.

The czars, where are they? Previous to the foundation of St. Petersburg, their bones were laid in the Arkangelski Sabor, the church of the archangel Michael at Moscow. This is a rude barbaric building on the height of the Kremlin, remarkable only for its dark interior, the small windows scarcely admitting sufficient light to reveal its sepulchral monuments and bedizened shrines. Men of furious passions and evil deeds lie beneath its pavement, to some of whom the blackness of darkness is appropriate. Portraits of the czars, large as life, are painted in fresco on the walls. Each appears wrapped in a white mantle, placed by his own tomb, as if watching it. They are wholly without artistic merit, and are not likenesses, having been apparently copied from a common pattern. The tombs are mere heaps of whitened brick-work, with inscriptions in the following style:—"In the year of the world 7092, and in the year after Christ 1584, in the month of March, on the 19th day, departed the orthodox and Christ-loving lord, the lord czar and grand duke Feodor, the son of John, ruler and general of all the Russians." In a small chapel near the altar, Ivan the terrible and his son, the murderer and the murdered, are side by side, as if nothing in life but love had passed between them. Ivan's iron-pointed staff, with which he struck the fatal blow, and once pinned to the ground the foot of an unhappy messenger who brought him evil tidings, leaning upon it while he read the despatch, is in the armoury of the Kremlin. The great attraction of the place to the Russians is the body of the last Demetrius, regarded as the last offshoot of the old dynasty of Rurik. This is the mummy of a boy of five or six years of age, for two centuries canonised and worshipped as a saint. The firmly-believed story goes, that after a vain search for the body of the stripling, in the place where he was murdered by the usurper, it arose out of the earth, to gratify the longing of the people. On festival days and great occasions, this relic of humanity, magnificently clad, is exposed in an open coffin; and insatuated crowds struggle and jostle to kiss the forehead of the young St. Demetrius.



THE CHURCH OF PETER AND PAUL, ST. PETERSBURG.

From the last royal interment in the Archangel's church at Moscow, the line of deceased czars is continued to the present period in the church of Peter and Paul at St. Petersburg. The graceful and lofty spire of this edifice, rising to the total height of three hundred and fifty feet, and so slender for the last hundred and fifty feet, that it must be climbed like a pine-tree, is its only peculiar external feature. Gilt with gold, and glittering in the sun, it marks, to the distant observer, nearly the centre of the capital, the locality of the fortress in which it is situated, and the mausoleum of the sovereigns since the assumption of the imperial dignity. The fortress is on the opposite side of the Neva to the Winter palace, almost in a direct line; and the church occupies an open space in the centre of it. Nothing can be more simple than the tombs, ranged on each side of the altar. The coffins are in the vaults, and over them in the church are plain stone sarcophagi. Each is covered with a red velvet pall, on which the names of the deceased, or merely the initials, are embroidered in gold, with the Russian arms, as "His imperial majesty the Emperor Alexander I.," "His imperial highness the grand duke Constantine." Military ensigns, chiefly taken in the Persian and Turkish wars, are suspended as trophies about the tombs, and in various parts of the building. They consist of

flags bearing the Persian sun and the Turkish crescent—the brass or silver batons of commanders and grand viziers—the triple horse-tails of pashas—the keys of fortresses—and insignia of the defunct janizaries. Some of the flags have bullet-holes; and on one five bloody finger-marks may be seen, traces of the hand of the standard-bearer, who defended it to the last. As in life, so in death, the czars appear as men of the sword, surrounded with the symbols of military power, entombed in the church of a citadel. Granite walls, five regularly fortified bastions, one hundred cannon, and a garrison of five thousand soldiers, defend their bones.

The bodies in the vaults are those of Peter I, who founded the state as a European empire with a hatchet for his sceptre, and got rid of his only son by poison—Catherine I, his wife, who could neither read nor write—Peter II, a boy—Anne—Elizabeth—Catherine II, a murderess—Peter III, her husband and victim—Paul I, assassinated, strangled by his nobles with his own scarf—Alexander I—and by this time, we may add, Nicholas, with numerous princes and princesses of the imperial family.

One member of the royal line is wanting, the baby czar Ivan VI, who had a twelvemonth's unconscious reign, under a regency. On the 24th of November 1741 (o.s.) hard snow lay upon

the ground in the capital, sledges were driving to and fro, and a regiment of guards before the Winter palace saluted the emperor, who appeared in his nurse's arms at one of the windows. Dr. Cook, a Scotch medical practitioner, was in the crowd of spectators. The next day, the streets were deserted. A revolution had taken place. The child and his parents, Anthony Ulric, duke of Brunswick-Luneburg, and Anne, niece of Peter I, were prisoners of state; and Elizabeth ascended the throne, for which she was indebted to the intrigues of Lestocq, a French barber. After being confined in various places, the deposed family was separated. The parents were sent to Cholanogory, on the northern Dwina, where they endured a miserable exile, from which death only released them, while Ivan, now a boy eight years old, was immured in a casemate of the fortress of Schlussemburg, on the Ladoga, the very loop-hole of which was immediately bricked up. As no ray of heaven ever visited his eyes, a lamp was kept constantly burning. He knew, therefore, no difference between day and night; and as no clock was either seen or heard, he could take no note of time. For a period his attendants were forbidden to ask him a question, or return an answer. Subsequently his condition was somewhat mitigated, but still severe. He lived to the age of twenty-four, his mind being a complete blank, more than half idiotic. At last, two of his guards despatched him, in consequence, as was alleged, of a conspiracy in his favour in the garrison, having orders to do so, under the circumstances, from Catherine II. Many believed the conspiracy to be a sham, contrived on purpose to have the deed accomplished. The two assassins retired into Denmark, where they were taken under the protection of the Russian minister; but both returned to be advanced in the service of the state. Habited in the garb of a sailor, the body of the unfortunate prince, once a czar, was exposed for some days to public inspection, according to custom, in an old decayed and abandoned wooden church of the fortress. It was then wrapped in a sheep-skin, and interred without ceremony. But numbers coming from the capital, insisting upon still seeing the corpse, and popular tumults being apprehended, it was secretly conveyed by night to the monastery of Tichsina, at a greater distance from St. Petersburg. Thus ended the tragedy of Ivan VI, one of the saddest and most fearful on the page of history. With him terminated the legitimate line of the Romanoffs, the succeeding czars having German, not Muscovite blood in their veins.

As in the church of Michael the archangel, so in that of Peter and Paul, the slayer and the slain, the second Catherine and the third Peter, are side by side in the grave. This was the arrangement of another party. The empress, having dethroned the emperor within seven months of his accession, made sharp work of it in the execution of her plans, issuing a manifesto seven days afterwards, in which she informed her loving subjects of his death. It mentioned "a violent gripping colic" as the cause of the event, instead of a dose of poisoned brandy, followed up by a napkin with a running knot round his neck, which Orlov and Baratinsky held firm till he expired. "We

have, therefore," says the manifesto, "ordered his body to be conveyed to the monastery of Nevsky, in order to its interment in that place." Catherine had plainly no intention to be near him in the sepulchre. "At the same time," the document blasphemously adds, "we exhort our faithful subjects to pray to God sincerely for the repose of his soul, wishing them, however, to consider this unexpected and sudden death as an especial effect of the providence of God, whose impenetrable decrees are working for us, for our throne, and for our country, things known only to his holy will! Done at St. Petersburg, July 7, 1762." For three days the corpse lay in the monastery of St. Alexander Nevsky, habited in uniform, and exposed in an open coffin, in order that those who wished might kiss the hands or mouth of the deceased. Those who ventured to do the latter had swelled lips, in consequence of the potent poison. It was then buried somewhere near the altar, without monument or inscription, and only one person, an archbishop, is said to have retained a knowledge of the exact spot.

Thirty-four years rolled away, and Catherine was summoned to her judgment. Paul, her son and successor, then performed an act of retributive justice. He ordered the body of his father to be exhumed, and laid in state by the coffin of his mother in the Winter palace. Both were from thence conveyed to the church of the citadel. More than this, Orlov, the main agent in the murder, being then alive at Moscow, was summoned by the emperor to attend the funeral. With faltering steps, hands folded, eyes fixed upon the ground, and face pale as death, the assassin walked behind the coffin of the victim he had helped to poison and strangle.

Nicholas has now been added to the number of deceased czars. His struggle with death lasted through Thursday, the 1st of March, and ended soon after the succeeding day commenced. The event, an epoch in itself in the politics of Europe, is of not less note in the annals of scientific skill. For the first time in the history of the world, intelligence of the decease of an imperial potentate has travelled by land without horse or chariot, and has crossed the sea without the aid of ship, sail, wind, or steam. For the first time also death's doings on the banks of the Neva have been known on the day of their occurrence, on the banks of the Seine and the Thames. Along telegraphic wires, tidings that the czar was no more were transmitted to his brother-in-law at Berlin, his daughter at Stuttgart, his sisters at Wiemar and the Hague, while widely separated courts and cabinets simultaneously received information of it. Close upon the same hour, Vienna, Berlin, Brussels, Paris, and London, were stirred by news of the incident. Swifter than the wind's wildest breath, it flew by the forests, marshes, and moors of Livonia and Courland, across the sands and swamps of Prussia, over the heaths of western Germany, through busy Belgium, and thence, with unabated speed, beneath the waters of the Channel, to the shores of England. The czar expired at ten minutes after midnight; and on the same day, at half-past five in the afternoon, the fact was made known to both houses of parliament by the representatives of government. Brief, startling, and

inexpressively significant was the announcement of the telegraph. It vividly called to our remembrance passages of holy writ relating to parallel changes—pithy, yet full, invested with large meaning to contemporaries:—"And Omri died, and Jehu reigned in his stead"—"In that night was Belshazzar king of the Chaldeans slain; and Darius the Median took the kingdom."

POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF OLD HUMPHREY.*

A VISIT TO PARIS.

It was with a strange sort of feeling that many years ago we found ourselves really in Paris. We had always associated that city with an odd medley of Notre Dame, Voltaire, and the Bastille, the river Seine, Robespierre, and the guillotine, Louis the Sixteenth, Marie Antoinette, Buonaparte, the catacombs, and Père la Chaise. Every object we saw was with us an object of interest.

Resolutely resolved to be industrious in our sight-seeing, we soon left our hotel for the custom-house, where a Babel-like confusion of tongues was taking place among the English, Irish, Scotch, German, Italian, and Spanish candidates for passports. It was not long before we had passed through the necessary formalities, and obtained cards of admission and letters of introduction to many more public places of interest than we were likely to see. Oh, what a holiday was that, to have Paris before us, with liberty to go where and when we listed, unfettered by restrictions! Palaces and public buildings were at our command; religious edifices, museums and theatres, were open to us; and promenades and fountains, baths and gardens, of the most attractive kind, were all inviting us to visit them.

The more we saw of Paris, the more were we ashamed of the lowly estimate we had formed of the French people. The Palais Royal, the Tuileries, and the Louvre, awakened our wonder and ministered to our enjoyment, especially the latter. Its picture gallery, more than a quarter of a mile long, was enough of itself to secure our devoted attention. We revelled in it for hours, and our pleasure was increased by seeing many among the visitors apparently as delighted as ourselves. The flower market was a favourite spot with us, being exceedingly beautiful; we had never before seen half the floral taste that was there displayed. Hardly were the baths less attractive, especially those in the house-boats on the Seine. What with their edges decorated with plants and flowers, their fountains, promenades, singing-birds, and nightly gas-lights, they formed a galaxy of novelty and beauty. The square massy front of Notre Dame, the cathedral of our Lady, with its two towers and its venerable and impressive appearance, absolutely overawed us; but of the few churches we visited, none could compare with

that of St. Roch for its profusion of paintings and decoration, almost deserving the name of a picture gallery.

Not yet have we forgotten our intense astonishment at a Parisian sabbath. We knew that theatres were open on that day, and that in the afternoon and evening pleasure—falsely so called—prevailed; but we were not prepared for so wild an outbreak on seriousness and devotion. "Seeing is," indeed, "believing." It seemed, as it were, but a step from the church to the play-house—from the pulpit to the puppet-show. We might have gone from the one to the other without a pause, beginning with the preacher and ending with ballad-singers, tumblers, and dancing dogs.

We had set our heart on seeing the catacombs, and were much disappointed to learn that they were closed to the public. The site of the Bastille, also, somewhat disconcerted us; for, having seen a highly-coloured picture of the storming of that notorious prison, we expected to have recalled to us our reminiscences of the past. The colossal elephant which had been erected on the spot, and the winding staircase up one of its huge legs, were certainly curious; but they satisfied not the expectation we had indulged. Paris and the Bastille by us were inseparably associated. Immured in the dreary cells of that hopeless dungeon,

How many a suffering soul, oppress with care,
Through years of grief had languished in despair!

The *cafés* of Paris are among the sights of the city and that of the Mille Colonnes, at the time of which we speak, was visited by every stranger. We were, indeed, dazzled by the imposing magnificence of the columns and mirrors, and by the surpassing splendour of the presiding beauty, who sat glittering with precious stones on her gorgeous throne. We had never seen even an approach to such apparent prodigality, and felt that there was something essentially different in the French and the English character.

How striking was the contrast between the magnificent mansion of light-heartedness and luxury, and the shadowy desolateness of La Morgue, the dead-house by the river side! There we had seen the lifeless and unclaimed remains of those wretched suicides who had terminated their earthly cares by flinging themselves into the Seine. But strong as was the contrast between La Morgue and the Café des Mille Colonnes, there was a more intimate connexion between them than appeared on the surface; for reckless extravagance, especially in Paris, is a sure road to destruction. The revelry of the Café, the recklessness of the gaming-table, and the dreary shadows of La Morgue, succeed each other.

What a mockery is human glory! While ascending Napoleon's brazen pillar in the Place Vendôme, commemorating in brass his battles and his victories, we could not but remember that he whose fame it was meant to perpetuate was at that time sleeping below the willows in the desolate isle in which he had died a captive.

At the Place de Louis xv, we could not but pause, for it was there, at the foot of a statue of liberty, that the guillotine did its work in the sanguinary butcheries of the French revolution in

* George Moggridge, esq., the kind-hearted and amiable gentleman who for so many years delighted and instructed tens of thousands (we might indeed say, hundreds of thousands) of readers by his lively effusions, under the title of "Old Humphrey," died, as will be known to some, at the close of last year. Before his death he prepared the above paper for the columns of the "Leisure Hour."

1792. There the king of France, Louis XVI, and thousands of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, were savagely slaughtered, stigmatising the spot with an earthly immortality of infamy.

Among the many attractive scenes of Paris, there were some which we did not see, and not once did we enter a theatre. If a proof were wanted of the intense fondness of the French for the drama, it might be found in the fact that, during the wildest horrors of the revolution, "at the close of every day that had witnessed the guillotine performing its murderous office, no less than thirty theatres, independent of other places of amusement, were as uniformly crowded as if the most perfect tranquillity had reigned in the capital."

Our visit to the Jardin Royal des Plantes was a perfect revel; the exotics of the garden, the animals in the menagerie, and the curiosities of the museum, afforded us a high treat; and our visit to Père la Chaise is not likely to be obliterated from our memory. Our own cemeteries assume now, in a degree, the appearance of pleasure grounds; but it was not so then: and the profusion of myrtle, cypress, rose, and laurel, that prevailed, with the magnificent monuments of the place, much impressed us.

We failed not to visit Saint Cloud and Versailles. At the latter place we marvelled at the splendour of the palace, the profusion of the statues, the beauty of the paintings, the grandeur of the grounds, and the imposing spectacles of the fountains and the orangery. Novelty has a wondrous effect in heightening our enjoyments. Hardly can we remember a day that contributed so largely to our gratification as that on which we paid our visit to Versailles.

The day of the *Fête Dieu* was indeed a high day and a holiday in Paris; and processions, and tapestry, and figures of the Virgin Mary, and crowded streets prevailed. Charles X and his nobles passed by us, bareheaded in the broiling sun, with a host of ecclesiastics, and boys, and white-robed girls, alternately chaunting a solemn strain, while bands of soldiers, marching and beating their rattling drums, formed a part of the innumerable throng.

What with our visits to the quays, swimming schools, barriers, triumphal arches, markets, *abattoirs*, and other places, our walks in the Champ de Mars, and the Champs Elysées, and our rambling in the Palais Royal and public streets to observe the manners of the people, hardly did we find time comfortably to get our meals. From morning to night it was a continual succession of novel and pleasurable undertakings. Wherever we went among the less favoured parts of the city, the singular and the grotesque awaited us, while the almost ludicrous politeness of the lower classes added much to our interest and entertainment.

On the whole, our peep at Paris was a thing never to be forgotten, but rather one to be treasured up in our memory with grateful recollections.

It is a good thing to rub off the rust of our prejudices, and to brighten up our brotherly emotions for mankind. We have some orthodox old English principles, which we trust never to re-

nonce, and some inveterate antipathies against bad habits, which we hope never to overcome; but our peep at Paris rendered us more tolerant than we were before, so plainly did it enable us to perceive, not only that our Gallic neighbours might cultivate our acquaintance with advantage, but also that much, very much, might be learnt by us from "frog-eating Frenchmen."

Mankind, though widely scattered abroad on the earth, is one great family; and true philanthropy will ever seek to bind its different members together, rather than to alienate them from each other. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men," is a glorious motto for us all. Reader! be a philanthropist—a true lover of humanity in all its grades, emulating what is good, and avoiding what is evil.

Observe, consider, and adopt this plan,
Be kind to all, as man should be to man,
And get a peep at Paris when you can.

LESSONS FROM ANIMALS.

To man was given dominion over the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field, comprehending every creeping thing. Installed by his Maker as the monarch of the animal creation, it cannot for an instant be doubted that man was every way fitted for the exercise of the sovereignty which he was commanded to assume. But a sovereign who should possess neither qualities nor propensities nor habits that were common to those over whom he bore rule, would be in no condition to sympathise with them, and therefore unfit to govern them. We may talk as we like of the grovelling instincts of some of our partners in this dominion which we hold over the brute creation, and make disparaging comparisons between those who exert and the dumb creatures who submit to this delegated authority; but it will never do to deny that, impressed though we be with the divine image of the great Being who created us all, we have also much in common with the lower orders of animal life, whose sole rule of action is assumed, with what degree of justice we shall not stay to inquire, to be an unreasoning instinct. This relation, existing between man and the brute creatures, presents a topic both curious and interesting, and it might be made the subject of much more extensive remark than upon the present occasion our limits will allow. We design in this brief paper merely to sketch a random outline—not to enter minutely or at length upon the task, which it would require an abler hand efficiently to perform.

To insure a reasonable brevity, we shall confine ourselves just now to a glance at man in his various characters, as a hunter, a builder, a traveller, a warrior, a manager, and a reasoner; and we shall do this by comparing with his acts such operations of some few selected members of the animal tribes as are found to emulate or surpass him in the display of corresponding functions.

First, then, the hunter.—The Nimrods in all ages have had recourse to the two expedients of force and guile for the capture of their prey. Man, except on very few occasions, and those

when he is hunting for mere recreation, invariably combines both these means for the securing of his game; and in order to render both more certain and effective, he has availed himself of the enduring powers and hostile instincts of some of the animal races in his war against others. In the combination of force with fraud, he has but imitated the example of many of the predatory animals: it is in enlisting the services of one dumb creature against another that he has surpassed them. Among the brutes, fraud is the weapon of the weak—power and terror those of the strong. The lion fills the solitudes of the wilderness with his roaring when hunger arouses him to the chase; he spreads terror on all sides as he scours the district for food; and he owes the bleeding victim that allays his ravenous appetite, to his rushing, fiery-footed swiftness, and his power for endurance of fatigue. The tiger, less advantageously moulded for a long and rapid race, lurks hidden in cave or jungle, or beneath the shadow of foliage, and bounds unexpectedly upon his prey. Both modes of hunting are familiar to man. The wolf and wild dog hunt down their prey in troops, and attack unitedly foes from whom they would individually flee. Man does the same. We need not follow out a parallel the course of which is obvious.

Hunting by means of snares and pitfalls is common to man, and the dumb creatures are outdone by him in contrivances of this kind. But the web of the spider has hardly been excelled in point of ingenuity or adaptation to its purpose by the net of the fowler or the fisherman; and the neatest pitfall ever dug by civilised man, falls short of the excavation formed by the ant-lion, who, burying himself in the centre of it, lies with open jaws ready to devour the first heedless wanderer who shall tumble in.

Secondly, the builder.—Man plumes himself on his architecture, and not without reason; but the beaver drove piles in the water before he did; and the architecture of the coral insect, who works for centuries deep down in the ocean caverns before he rises to the surface, will outlast the proudest structures of his hands, and, it may be, are destined to form an arena on which distant generations shall live and act, after all the grandest monuments now in being shall have crumbled to decay. Curious that Providence has chosen the minutest agents to effect the grandest revolutions—that some great mountain ranges are formed of the smallest marine shells—and that an insignificant worm, which not one man in a million has ever seen, should build up a continent.

The Deity seems to have implanted the instincts of home in everything that has life—instincts by which, as far as our observation is able to penetrate, all living creatures are ruled. Just in proportion to the fragility and tenderness of their outward frames, is the provision which in this respect they are rendered capable of making for their protection. The hardy beasts of the forest and the waste find shelter in the caverns of rocks or the recesses of the wood, or they do not need it. The smaller animals burrow in the earth, or in hollow trees, or in close leafy coverts. The birds build themselves nests, and just in proportion as they are tender and delicate themselves, are their

homes soft, compact, and snug: a few sticks, straws, and tufts of moss thrown together, will furnish the eyrie of the vulture or the eagle; while the wren sleeps in a chamber whose walls are softer than satin, and yet proof against the fiercest tempest. Again, insect architecture is such a mystery of inconceivable beauty and ingenuity, that volumes have been written in its elucidation, and it remains a mystery still. To the building instinct of one small insect, we owe the employment of millions of the industrious classes, in the cultivation of the mulberry-tree—the rearing of the silk-worm—the occupations of the loom—the designing of innumerable patterns—the construction of machinery—the navigation of the seas—the commerce between nations—and the indulgence in a queenly luxury made common to the whole world. When man lived in caves and wigwams, he must have been a sad dull fellow, and deserving of the discomfort he endured, for not following the instructions which his dumb fellow-creatures afforded him by their example.

Thirdly, the traveller.—Man migrates from country to country for various reasons. When nations grow too populous at home, they throw out offshoots into distant lands, where they settle down into colonies, until new nations are born. One man travels in search of the means of subsistence or of prosperity, or, failing such motive, sometimes for the gratification of his nomadic impulses merely. All these incentives to travel may, we think, be found in operation in various tribes of the dumb creatures. The bees throw off swarms, and found colonies, when the hive becomes over-populous, and they do it on a true political principle, exporting, so to speak, the youngest and most energetic of their race, and sending them out under the rule and guidance of a scion of the blood-royal. Frogs, too, are colonists, though we are not aware that this trait in their character has been noticed by the naturalists. It is, however, an undoubted fact, and one which any *maitre de cuisine* attached to a French château will corroborate on inquiry, that frogs in a pond will not allow the pond to be over-populated; and hence it becomes necessary for the owners of froggeries, in places where frogs are a delicacy, to promote a sufficient number of them to the stew-pan, or to send them to market, if they would not lose them by migration, which these politic croakers would be sure to inaugurate, should they find themselves inconveniently overcrowded. Some species of ants, it is said, also eject a portion of their population in the same circumstances—the outcasts scampering off in bands to found a new dynasty. Of travellers which are not colonists there is no end. As winter approaches, the wolves travel southward in packs, in search of prey. At a certain season, the land-crabs of the West Indies set forth, somewhat in the same determined manner, as a humorous writer has observed, as the wives and daughters of England, on a unanimous jaunt to the sea-side, covering the whole face of the country in their track, and moving neither to the right nor to the left, though crushed and slain by thousands on their march. Then think of the migrations of birds, of the wildfowl in myriads that wing their way above the clouds over thousands of miles of

ocean—of the pigeon armies of the far west, thousands of millions in number, whose battalions are twenty miles in length, a mile in width, and of a depth solid enough to blot out the light from heaven; who require a whole forest for a perch, and take half the night to settle on it, breaking the largest branches by their weight. Think of the swallows, with their fussy beating-up for recruits, and sudden disappearance on their flight to a far country—of the starlings, the quails, and all the rest of the feathered travellers whose periodical necessities compel them, as they often compel us humans, to seek beneath a foreign sky what they cannot find at home. Then there are the fish. Who shall describe a fish's travels? What was captain Cook, compared to captain Cod? How many times does a mackerel go round the world before he lies upon the gridiron? How often does a salmon make the north-west passage before, like captain Parry, he is feasted (upon) at the Mansion House? Of what coast is the pilchard a native? and why is every fin-Jack of his innumerable family determined to follow the fatal fashion of a visit to St. Ives every summer? These, and a good many more that we might ask, are questions for curious cogitation; at any rate we cannot answer them just now, for we must proceed to consider in the next place, and

Fourthly, the warrior.—How man, ever since the fall, has been given to quarrel and fight with his fellow, we need be at no pains to show, seeing that the whole history of mankind—alas, that it should be so!—is the history of battle and bloodshed. We need only point to corresponding traits among the lower orders of animated nature; and here we are struck by some comparisons which are the reverse of parallels, and not very complimentary to the lords of the creation. Give to man excessive power, and he is pretty sure to abuse it. With the brute races, the reverse is the general characteristic. The elephant is mighty, but manageable; the lion terrible, but generous; the leviathan of the deeps is harmless when unprovoked; while the vindictive and combative propensities are strongest in the most diminutive and powerless. True, at one season in the year, most animals in a wild state will fight; and the fighting instinct is latent in many at all times, and may be called into action by design or accidental circumstance. But it is odd, and not flattering to our war institutions, that the only approach to human ingenuity in the science of bloodshed is perceptible in the military operations of those insignificant little desperadoes, the ants. The beasts of the field, when they fight, fight rather for the mastery than for mutual destruction; but with insects war is always war to the death—if not to slavery. The queen bee slays her rivals, and reigns only by the right of conquest; but the ant not only wounds and slays her enemies, but takes them prisoners and reduces them to slavery. Hanhart, the naturalist, describes a pitched battle on a grand scale, which he witnessed between two tribes—the one of red, the other of black ants. He saw the hostile armies approach each other in separate battalions, and advance to the charge in the greatest order. The red ants, led by a captain in front, marched on a line from nine to twelve feet in length, flanked by detached corps in

squares. The little black ants, being much more numerous, advanced to meet the enemy in a more extended line, marching two or three deep—leaving a body of reserve at the foot of the hillock which they had to surmount. As they thus proceeded to battle, their right wing was supported by a solid corps of several hundred warriors, and their left wing by a body of more than a thousand—and these respective positions were maintained during the advance. Suddenly, the right wing made a halt, while the corps in column on the left wing manœuvred so as to turn the hostile army; then they rushed forward up the ascent in possession of the red squadrons, and took it by assault. The two armies joined battle, and fought for a long time without breaking their lines; at length disorder appeared, and detached combats were fought in various directions. After a bloody strife, which endured nearly four hours, the red ants were compelled to retreat with the wreck of their forces. On both sides numerous prisoners were made; and the utmost care was taken of the wounded, who, when disabled, were carried by their brethren out of the *mêlée*. M. Hanhart declares that, so devoted were the defeated party to this duty, that they suffered themselves to be slain in performing it, rather than abandon their charge. The prisoners taken in battle, it is well known, are by the ants reduced to a state of slavery. What may be the occupations of their servitude can only be guessed. We know that ants have a property in the aphides, which they milk, as husbandmen do their herds; the prisoners of war, for aught we know, may act as herdsmen to these valuable flocks.

Here we see a nation of diminutive creatures, not individually a quarter of an inch long, leagued together in hostile parties, and doing precisely the same thing, and on a scale proportionately as grand, as two European nations met to slaughter one another in behalf of the balance of power. Think what we may of it, the fact is not over complimentary either to our military science, or to the love we are so prone to show for indulging in its display.

We must pass over the fights of the bees—which may be regarded rather as massacres than battles—and numberless other illustrations of the fighting instinct in the dumb races, and proceed to notice some of them in their human-like capacity, as—

Fifthly, managers.—“Go to the ant, thou slug-gard, consider her ways, and be wise,” says Solomon. We have been to the ant for wisdom of another sort already, and shall content ourselves on the present occasion with barely alluding to her proverbial thriftiness and forethought, which excited the admiration of the wise king, and has made her a model of prudent management to all future times. But she is by no means the sole thrifty manager: the squirrel will lay up a store of nuts and beechmast for winter consumption; the bee is more bountifully provident than the ant, and supplies not only himself but all the world with honey; numbers of the hybernating animals make provision against their early spring-waking, ere nature has prepared food for their sustenance. The very beasts of prey have the sense to drag their victims into some cool, shady retreat, where they may be longest preserved from corruption

before they are devoured. The dog buries the food which he needs not at the moment, and digs it up again when he is hungry, as though he knew that by being kept from the atmosphere it would escape putrefaction. Every insect that flies, swims, or crawls, will deposit its eggs where the young, on coming into the world, will find the means of supporting life. In fact, in the mere matter of management and foresight, man is outdone by the lower, even the lowest animals, who, in providing for their own wants and those of their offspring, set him an example he does not always follow.

Finally, we shall glance briefly at the claim which some of the animal tribes have, according to our notion, to something more than instinct; and we shall make bold to cite a few facts, only a few, which induce us, for this once at any rate, to regard them in the light of reasoners. Looking at animals in their wild state, however varied and remarkable their instincts, it may with some appearance of justice be averred that there is not much observable in their acts that is demonstrative of the reasoning faculty. But let the brute come into contact with the human, and he invariably becomes endowed with new qualities. He no sooner learns that man is his enemy than he avoids him—or that he is his friend, than he seeks him out. Old birds fly away from the sportsman, and even a fish is not so stupid as to reject the lessons of experience; a hungry trout who has been often pricked by the hook, will swim round the angler's bait a dozen times, and refuse it at last with a contemptuous whisk of the tail, having discovered the imposture. The old fox will contrive to spring the trap and then steal the bait. There is not much show of reason in the horse, in his general conduct among us; yet we have seen him in the stable, allowing the groom's children to play between his legs, and forbearing to move a foot, lest he should hurt them. With the Arabs, he is a member of the family, and then his intelligence is of a far higher order.

Irrespective of the wonderful things which animals have been taught to perform by diligent training, and which perhaps may be fairly ascribed to memory and imitation, there are proofs enough to be adduced of acts on their part, clearly indicating the possession of a faculty of reasoning or judging from the circumstances of the moment; and this can hardly be called instinct. Many will remember the story of the farmer's dog, who knew what his master said, even when he (the dog) was not spoken to, and who ran to drive the cow from the clover three times, upon his master observing to his guest that the cow *was* in the clover, without appealing to, or even looking at the dog. The writer of this article can testify to an instance of equal sagacity, and indicative of yet more of the reasoning faculty, on the part of a spaniel which had been brought up chiefly within doors, and much petted. This dog's master and mistress were going on a certain day to dine from home at the house of a Mrs. T—, residing at about a mile's distance. They had dined with this lady once before, and on that occasion had taken "Blen," the pet spaniel, with them. But to-day, they decided, while discussing their plans at the breakfast-table, that, for certain reasons, Blen should be left behind. The dog heard the decision,

and in the afternoon, when they went to dress, he disappeared. Alarmed at his loss, as they valued him highly, they sent for the crier, and, before proceeding to their visit, had him cried through the town, offering a handsome reward for his recovery. On arriving at Mrs. T—'s, however, they found the dog in the drawing-room, awaiting their arrival, with a peculiar greeting on his face, expressive of his determination not to be left out of the party. He had been there an hour, having passed in with the first visitor. How is this conduct on the part of the spaniel to be accounted for on the ground of instinct? He had been to that house but once or twice before, and had not visited it lately; his master and mistress were in the habit of visiting elsewhere much more frequently, and rarely visited at so great a distance. If Blen did not understand the decision against him, and did not resolve to defeat it, how is his conduct to be explained? Among other accomplishments, Blen possessed those of sitting at table, eating fruit and sweetmeats for a dessert, and drinking coffee.

We have hinted above that animals in a wild state do not often exhibit evidence of the reasoning power. To this rule there are, however, some exceptions. Some years ago there appeared, in a popular periodical, a well-attested story, to the following effect:—A gentleman, watching the swallows at the period of their first arrival, observed a lively altercation going on between a swallow and a house-sparrow, which, during the proprietor's long absence, had, with his mate, taken possession of the swallow's nest, which hung beneath the eaves of a cottage roof. The sparrows, having possession, would not quit their lodging, and could not be forced out. Numerous attempts were made, as well by the rightful proprietors as by others who came at their call to vindicate their comrades' claims, to induce the interlopers to vacate the premises in dispute. All persuasion being in vain, the swallows left in a body, and the sparrows appeared to have got the victory. Not so. In about an hour, back came the swallows, with some hundreds of their tribe at their tails. The whole swarm began wheeling past the disputed nest in single file; and each one, as he flitted by, discharged into it or against it a pellet of moist mud. In a few minutes the squatting sparrows were buried alive in the rapid accumulations, and the nest transformed into a compact sarcophagus inclosing their remains!

Here was the idea both of crime and its deserved retribution entertained by a whole tribe of the creatures we are accustomed to call unreasoning; and of creatures, too, whom man has never succeeded in taming or reducing to the remotest recognition of his sovereignty. The lover of natural history—the benefactor and companion of animals—the observer of the ways of life among the more minute orders of vitality—each of these will call to mind some corroborating examples of that sagacity of conduct to be remarked by those who look for it among the dumb races, which oversteps the possibilities of mere instinct, and suggests the doubt whether the reasoning power of certain animals, however inferior in degree, be not as much a fact as that of him to whom has been delegated the lordship over them all.

Still, between man's powers and those of the lower animals an immense distance intervenes—a distance almost as great as that between their respective destinies. Upon this subject, a quotation from a witty yet sensible writer shall conclude our paper. "I feel so sure that the blue ape without a tail will never rival us in poetry, painting, and music, that I see no reason whatever that justice may not be done to the few tatters of understanding which he may really possess. What have the shadow and mockery of faculties given to beasts to do with the immortality of the soul? Have beasts any general fear of annihilation? Have they any knowledge of God? Have they ever reached in their conceptions the slightest trace of an hereafter? . . . As facts are fairly stated and boldly brought forward, the more all investigation goes to establish the ancient opinion of man, before it was confirmed by revealed religion, that brutes are of this world *only*; that man is imprisoned here only for a season, to take a better or a worse hereafter, as he deserves it."

REFRESHING WATERS.

OH, turn to the waters which satisfy. No longer hew out cisterns which will hold no water—no longer pursue the shadows of imaginary bliss; but listen to the words of wisdom, and receive the gift of God, which is "living water," of which whosoever drinketh shall never thirst.

The Holy Spirit's influences have been represented as water upon the dry ground, moistening and fertilising it—giving life. We have now to mention the satisfying character of his fertilising, renewing powers.

He is as a well of springing water. He is called in another place, "the Comforter." Hence he is a well of comfort. Comfort continually flows upward into the soul, from his abiding presence. This is the great secret of true peace. Men marvel at the steady calm of the true Christian, and wonder that he is unmoved by his troubles. But the regenerate possess an internal fountain which continually sends out sweet consolation. If all the upper currents of happiness are frozen, his peace, like those rivers which take their rise from under seas of ice, flows forth from underneath them. Its springs still send forth its living stream. Its source is untouched. The well of living water is never frozen. Its streams never stagnate. Its water is continually supplied fresh from the fountain of life. As no well supplies itself with water, neither does this. The reservoir, whence it is supplied, is in Christ. And as long as Christ is full of grace, the well will be never dry. The peace, the consolation of the true believer will never cease to flow; the water in him is "a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Such is "the gift of God." Such is the blessing which Christ gives to whomsoever he be that asketh of him. Such is the gift with which he was ready to bless the Samaritan woman. This is the water which quenches the thirst of immortal souls. Other springs of comfort fail; but this is a well whence the living water perpetually flows. Would that you knew "the gift of God!" You would then not rest content till this spring of salvation had found access to your heart.

Poetry.

TO APRIL.

Oh April, fickle April, with thy sunshine and thy showers,
Thy breath of soft sweet perfume from the many-coloured
flowers;
Oh April, fickle April, I love thy changeful face,
With its varying lights and shadows of beauty and of
grace.
Oh April, lovely April, with the garland on thy brow,
Of the violet and primrose and the budding hawthorn
bough,
Coming smiling through thy tears, we hail thee with
delight,
As the harbinger of other days both beautiful and bright.
I see thee in revision in days long since gone by,
In life's drama then enacted beneath thy chequered sky,
Mixt with infant forms of beauty and childish prattle
heard,
In mingled happy harmony with the song of early bird.
Oh April, changeful April, how like thou art to life,
Now bright with joy and sunshine, now dark with care and
strife;
But the beauteous bow of promise, like a halo round thy
brow,
Speaks in comfort to the Christian of a better life than now.
Oh pilgrim, weary pilgrim, to glory pressing on,
Where bright angelic spirits are clustering round the
throne;
Soon shall all thy woes and sorrows be for ever past,
And thy weary feet stand firmly on Zion's hill at last.
M—T.

THE DYING GIRL AND THE SPRING.

THE birds have come again into their bowers,
The earth is gaily strewn with fair young flowers,
Bright silvery clouds float lightly in the sky,
And on the primrosed banks soft shadows lie.

But I away from all this mirth and bloom
Must sadly turn to darkness and the tomb;
Yet I have had the cherished wish, long kept,
To scent the violet's breath before I slept;
To see the daffodil and crocus bright,
And the white lily bathed in golden light;
The joyous butter-cup uplift its head,
And th' delicate peach its folds outspread.

Now they are here, each beauteous child of May,
With eyes so bright, I would that I might stay;
The grave is lone; yet o'er my brow is come
The weariness of one whose day is done.

Oft have I watched the happy brook glide on,
And thought, 'twill sparkle thus when I am gone;
The sun will laugh above my cold deep bed,
As if beneath his light there slept no dead.

Oh it would seem less sad to pass away
With waning summer and the leaves' decay;
I should have fellowship in my dark home,
For, one by one, the flowers would droop and come;

And earth unjewelled, like a mourner meek,
With the moist autumn's tears upon her cheek,
Would seem for me to weep and mourn, along
With all her offspring that to dust had gone.

But why thus mingle thoughts of shade and gloom
With the going down into the quiet tomb?

Beyond, I know, a cloudless land is seen,
Whose flowery hills are ever robed in green.
'Tis where the wondrous tree of life extends;
The rainbow o'er the crystal waters bends;
'Tis where the feet, soiled with this dusty sod,
Are bathed in the immortal fount of God.

Then, trusting in my Lord, I lay my head
Upon the breast of death, now with no dread;
Nor lightest sound may come my sleep to break,
Till I, all ravished in the smile of God, awake.

MARY LEWIS.